

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the NINTH.

CONTAINING

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.
CYMBELINE.
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

EDINBURGH:

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W O R K S

SHAKESPEARE



VOLUME THE SEVENTH

THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY J. H. STODOLSKY.
EDITED BY J. H. STODOLSKY.

EDINBURGH:
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A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A .

VOL. IX.

A

Dramatis Personæ.

M. ANTONY.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

JEMILIUS LEPIDUS.

SEX. POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,

VENTIDIUS,

CANIDIUS,

EROS,

SCARUS,

DERCETAS,

DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,

MECENAS,

AGRIPPA,

DOLLABELLA,

PROCULEIUS,

THYREUS,

GALLUS,

MENAS,

MENECRATES,

VARRIUS,

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.

TAURUS, Lieutenant-general to Cæsar.

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN,

DIOMEDES,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

} Friends of Antony.

} Friends of Cæsar.

} Friends of Pompey.

} Servants to Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Ægypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN,

IRAS,

} Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispersed in several parts of the Roman empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly
eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges * all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look where they come!

*Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies
in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple † pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool ‡. Behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me how much?

* Renounces. *Pope.*

† Triple is here used improperly for third, or one of three. One of the Triumvirs, one of the three masters of the world. *Warburton.*

‡ We should read, — *Into a strumpet's stool.*

The pillar of the world, says he, is transformed into a strumpet's stool. Alluding to the custom of strumpets sitting in the lap of their lovers. *Ib.*

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me. The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows
If the scarce bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that kingdom, and infranchise that;
"Perform't, or else we damn thee."——

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I'd say—Both?
—Call in the messengers—As I'm Egypt's Queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messen-
gers.——

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. aside.] Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra*.

* I think Mr Upton's emendation can admit of no dispute: *Will be himself*, but stirr'd by Cleopatra.

That is, Antony will act like himself;—if he be but incited by Cleopatra. *Revised.*

Now for the love of Love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure. Now, what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fy, wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.
No messenger, but thine.—And all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt with their train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry

That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
Soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? Oh!
that I knew this husband, which you say must
change his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer, —

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, Sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly. Wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me, to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have [no names?

Pr'ythee how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, and foretell every wish*, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come. Tell Irás hers. —

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be to go drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

* And fertil ev'ry wish, &c. Warburton.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! Alex-as, ——— Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune. ——— O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worst, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear goddess, hear the prayer of the people! for as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't.

3 C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus—
Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
 Alexas?

Alex. Here at your service. My Lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
 Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst
 Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
 Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.

On.—

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis
 thus;

Who tells me true, though in the tale ly death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus (this is stiff news)

Hath, with his Parthian force, extended * Asia;

From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,

From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mess. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral
 tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome.

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth
 weeds,

* *Exten. ed.* is a law term, which signifies seized upon.

When our quick winds ly still * ; and our ill, told
us,

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From Sicyon, how the news?—Speak there.

Mess. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one? *[Exit first Messenger.]*

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger, with a letter.

Or lose myself in dotage. What are you?

Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Mess. In Sicyon.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. *[Gives a letter.]*

Ant. Forbear me.— *[Exit second Messenger.]*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again: the present pleasure,

By revolution lowring, does become

The opposite of itself; she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting Queen break off.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women; we see

* We should read *minds*. The sense is this, While the active principle within us ly immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits: but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harvest. This he says to encourage the messenger to hide nothing from him. *Warburton.*

how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears, they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been bless'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new petticoat. And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here,

cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak t' us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath giv'n the dare to Cæsar, and commands The Empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the great and all his dignities Upon his son ; who high in name and pow'r, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier ; whose quality going on, The fides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding ; Which, like the courser's hair *, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove † from hence.

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does.—

I did not send you.—If you find him sad,

* Alludes to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. *Pope.*

† I believe we should read,

Their quick remove from hence.

i. e. Tell our design of going away to those who being by their places obliged to attend us, must remove in haste.

Johnson.

Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish for—
In time we hate that which we often fear. [bear;

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I'm sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it. [Seeming to faint.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;

'Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;

I have no pow'r upon you. Hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O never was there Queen

So mightily betray'd; yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and
true,

Though you with swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? riotous madness,
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for you going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words ; no going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heav'n *. They are so still ;
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, Lady ?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou should'st know

There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords. Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domestic pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction ; the hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love ; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save † my
Is Fulvia's death. [going,

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboyls she awak'd : at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

* i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. *Warb.*

† ——— should save my going. *Theobald.*

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy foldier servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come.
But let it be.——I'm quickly ill, and well.
—So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt*. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my sword——

Cleo. And target—Still he mends:
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, (but that's not it;)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) something it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony†,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you

* To me, the queen of Egypt. *Johnson.*

† Mr Johnson proposes the following reading,

Oh my oblivion!——'Tis a very Antony.

The thought of which I was in quest is a very Antony,
is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me.

For idleness itself *.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart;
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kills me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! On your sword
Sit laurell'd Victory, and smooth Success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go; come.

Our separation so abides and flies;
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me;
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

*Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate [know,
One † great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he:
Hardly gave audience, or vouchsaf'd to think
That he had partners. You shall there find a man,
Who is the abstract of all faults that all men fol-
low.

Lep. I must not think
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;

* i. e. But that your charms hold me, who am the
greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged
you to be the greatest. Warburton.

† Perhaps, Our great competitor. Johnson.

His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it, is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes
him;

As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish; yet must An-
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear [tony
So great weight in his lightness *. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And, it appears, he is lov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,

* The word *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, his trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. *Johnson.*

'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacquing * the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resist.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wert beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this,
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,
Was bore so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome; time is it that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' th' field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey

* i. e. Floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or lacquey, at his master's heels. *Theobald.*

Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my Lord.
What you shall know meantime of stir abroad,
I shall beseech you let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,——

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha—give me to drink Mandragora.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away. [time]

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason.——

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou eunuch, Mardian!

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? [he?
Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "*where's my serpent of old Nile?*"
(For so he calls me.) Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted* Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sov'reign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee*.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
This treasure of an oyster, at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded;

* Mr Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, hath given good reasons to induce us to believe that the Poet wrote, — *Bald-fronted Cæsar.*

† Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it may be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. Johnson.

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed;
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly done by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year between th'
extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition!

Note him, good Charmian.—'Tis the man. But
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.
—Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. Oh, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar.

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days!

When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To say, as I said then.—But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Ægypt. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pompey.

IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. While we are suitors to their throne, de-
The thing we sue for. [cays

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pomp. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My pow'r's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, Sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know they are in Rome
together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; lust with both.
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sawce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Menas. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
For they have entertained cause enough [selves :
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t' entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him.

To answer like himself; if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not, if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia.

—Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know; Mecænas, ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sorest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter*.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn you take things ill which are not so;

* i. e. Let not ill humour be added to the real subject of
our difference. *Johnson.*

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
Did urge me in his act*: I did inquire it, [never
And have my learning from some true reports †
That drew their swords with you. Did he not ra-
discredit my authority with yours, [ther
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ‡? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,

* i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence
for the war. Warburton.

† Reports for reporters. Upton.

‡ May it not be read thus,

Hating alike our cause? Johnson.

Which fronted * mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eto. 'Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.——

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar.
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd
The which you both deny'd. [them,

Ant. Neglected rather;
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness; nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

* That is, *opposed*. Johnson.

So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between yè; to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more words
of Pompey, return it again. You shall have time
to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak
no more.

Eno. Go to then: your considerate stone *.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia! great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;

* Go to then, you considerate ones. *Johnson.*—Perhaps
you confederate ones; i. e. the triumvirate.

Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand:
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great [pey,
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenus.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea

He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together! haste we for it.
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!
My honourable friend Agrippa!——

Agg. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,
and but twelve persons there!—Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily
deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agg. There she appear'd, indeed; or my reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with 'em; th' oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did ly
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings *. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she intreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

* The common reading was,
And made their bends adorings.

The word, *bend*, is here used for an arch; and the *bends* of the eyes are the eye-brows. Thus the sense will be, that these seeming nereids were employed in adjusting Cleopatra's eye-brows, as often as they happened to be discomposed by the fanning of the boys, or any other accident. *Revisal.*

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to-bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Ag. Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
Divide me from your bosom. [times]

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report,
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt Cæs. and Octa.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah? you do wish yourself in Ægypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in my motion *, have it not in my tongue ; but yet hie you to Ægypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's——

Therefore, oh Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy Dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not : but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.——

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose : and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone.

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance ; if we draw lots, he speeds ;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails † ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt ;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' th' east my pleasure lyes. Oh, come, Ventidius.
You must to Parthia, your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive't.

[Exeunt.]

* I see it in my notion. Theobald.

† The Ancients used to match quails, as we match cocks. Johnson.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther. Pray you, hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewell.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love——

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Char-
mian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river; there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fish; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *ah, ha!* you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! — oh times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippin. Oh! From Italy —

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam! Madam! —

Cleo. Antony's dead? —
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kifs; a hand that kings
Have lip'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark,
we use
To say the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st;
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee *.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, Madam——

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*; it does allay

The good precedence; fy upon *but yet*;

But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar,

In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free:

Mess. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? [*Strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

* That is, I will give thee a kingdom; it being the
eastern ceremony; at the coronation of their kings, to
powder them with gold-dust and seed-pearl; so Milton,

—the gorgeous East with liberal hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a
Persian contemporary author, are the following words,
as translated by Monsieur Petit de la Croix, in the ac-
count there given of his coronation, book II. ch. 1. *Les*
princes du sang royal et les emirs repandirent à pleines mains
sur la tête quantité d'or et de pierreries, selon la coûtume:

Warburton.

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a knife.]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault.

[Exit.]

Char. Good Madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
Melt Egypt into Nile; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say, Yes.

Mess. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald'd snakes ! go, get thee hence ;
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly : he is married?—

Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?—

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
 To punish me for what you make me do, [you ;
 Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of
 thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence,
 The merchandises thou hast brought from Rome
 Are all too dear for me :

Ly they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em !

[*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence ;
 I faint ; oh Iras, Charmian—'tis no matter.—
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly—
 Let him for ever go—Let him not—Charmian—
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 Th' other way's a Mars.—Bid him, Alexas,
 Bring word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
 But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Coast of Italy, near Misenum.

*Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum
 and trumpet : at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, An-
 tony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with Sol-
 diers marching.*

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
 And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made thee, all honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st *.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
For this is from the present, how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

* Since, like the cuckow, that seizes the nests of other
birds, you have invaded a house which you could not
build, keep it while you can. *Johnson.*

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly:

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' th' east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal:

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the same. I've heard that Julius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Eno. No more of that. He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now. How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand.

I never hated thee; I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd thee much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all.

Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Men.*

Men. aside.] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me;
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-service; but give
me your hand, Menas. If our eyes had authority,
here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; pray you is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir. We have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 Ser. Here they'll be, man : some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 Ser. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 Ser. They have made him drink alms-drink*.

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the disposition †, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 Ser. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Ser. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge sphere ‡, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

* A phrase amongst good-fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks, to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. Warburton.

† A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of touching one in a sore place. Ibid.

‡ This speech seems to be mutilated ; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this :

To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state ; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks. Johnson.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mécænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir : they take the flow o' th' Nile

By certain scales i' th' pyramid ; they know,
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow ; the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the seedsmen
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun ; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit, and some wine. A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be,

But I'll ne'er out.

Evo. Not 'till you have slept ; I fear me you'll be in 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemey's Pyramis is very goodly things ; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear, what is't ?

Men. Forlake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.

[*Whispers.*

—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself ; and it is as broad as it hath breadth ; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs ; it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. to Menas aside.] Go, hang, Sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. rises and walks aside.] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. to Menas.] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What else to say?—Be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus, Keep off them 'fore you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable; And when we are put off, fall to their throats. All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villainy; In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more:
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.——

Men. Why? [*Pointing to Lepidus.*]

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man!
See'st not.

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were
That it might go on wheels! [*alt,*]

Eno. Drink thou, increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho.
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæf. I could well forbear it:
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' th' time.

Cæf. Possess it,

I will make answer; but I had rather fast
From all four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor,
Shall we dance now th' Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:

Make battery to our ears with the loud music,
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing:
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

The S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.*

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night,
good brother.

Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Eno-
barbus

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good
Good Antony, your hand. [night.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir. Give's your hand.

Pomp. Oh, Antony, you have my father's house:
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on shore.—No, to my cabin—These
drums!—These trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out. [Sound a flourish with drums.

Eno. Hoo, says a'! There's my cap.

Men. Hoo!—noble captain, come. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A Camp in a Part of Syria.**Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him; Silius, Roman Soldiers, and Attendants.**Ventidius.*

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
 Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
 Before our host: thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly. So thy grand Captain Antony
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
 Put garlands on their head.

Ven. Oh, Silius, Silius,
 I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: for, learn this, Silius,
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
 Cæsar and Antony have ever won
 More in their officer, than person. Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
 Who does it th' wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that, without the which
 A soldier and his sword grant * scarce distinction:

* Grant for afford. *Warb.*

Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We've jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens. With what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there;—pass
along. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is
gone.

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad: and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lépidus.

Eno. A very fine one; oh how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? why he is the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter?

Eno. Speak you of Cæsar? how? the nonpareil!

Agr. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar; go
no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder——

Ag. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Ag. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, Sir.

Cæs. You take me from a great part of myself:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest bond *
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be chearful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-
That stands upon the swell at full of tide, [feather,
And neither way inclines,

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

* As I will venture the greatest pledge of security on
the trial of thy conduct. *Johnson.*

Ag. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

Ag. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year indeed he was troubled with a
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, [rheum:
Believe't, 'till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to. Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty!
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it. — Come
thou near.

Mess. Most gracious Majesty, —

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. In Rome, Madam.

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue and
dwarfish.

What Majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'st on Majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one;
She shews a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesst at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long or
round?

Mess. Round ev'n to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too. They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Sc. 4. C L E O P A T R A. 51

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so. I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? Isis else defend!
And serving you so long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian;

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import; but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear; spoke scantily of me:
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold, and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was giv'n him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "Oh, bless my Lord and husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 “*Oh, bless my brother!*” Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 ’Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
 Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself; better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between’s; the mean time, Lady,
 I’ll raise the preparation of a war,
 Shall stain * your brother. Make your soonest haste;
 So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my Lord.

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars ’twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should soder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Chuse your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There’s strange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made war upon
 Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar having made use of him in the wars
 ’gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would
 not let him partake in the glory of the action; and
 not resting here, accuses him of letters he had for-
 merly wrote to Pompey. Upon his own appeal †,

* Shall strain your brother; that is, force him into diffi-
 culties which he will not easily overcome. *Revised.*

† To appeal, in Shakespeare, is to accuse; Cæsar seized
 Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar’s accu-
 sation. *Johnson.*

seizes him; so the poor third is up 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the other *. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns The rust that lyes before him. Cries, fool *Lepidus*! And threats the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius My Lord desires you presently. My news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria; here's the manner of it: I' th' market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat Cæsario, whom they call my father's son; And all th' unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lybia, Absolute Queen.

* This is obscure, I read it thus:

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. *Johns.*

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' th' common strew-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be this inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar ; and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone.
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change. For what I've conquer'd
I grant 'him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my Lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away !

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? you
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister. Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his em-
pire

Up to a whore, who now are levying
The kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of Libya, Archelaus
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphus King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian King Adullas,
King Mithridates of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates King
Of Comagene, Polemon and Amintas,
The King of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
 Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
 'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome.
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam:
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
 Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off,
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Ota. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray
 Be ever known to patience, my dear'st sister! [you,
 [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these
 And say'st it is not fit. [wars;

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should
 not we be there in person?

Eno. aside.] Well, I could reply; if we should
 serve with horse and mares together, the horse were
 merely lost; the mares would bear a soldier and his
 horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's
time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut th' Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne? You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
 Distract your army, which doth most consist
 Of war-mark'd footmen : leave unexecuted
 Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forgo
 The way which promises assurance, and
 Give up yourself meerly to chance and hazard,
 From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
 And, with the rest full-man'd, from th' head of
 Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
 We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my Lord ; he is descry'd ;
 Cæsar has taken TORYNE.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible.
 Strange that his power should be so. Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship :
 Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. Oh, noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
 Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt
 This sword, and these my wounds ? let the Egyptians
 And the Phœnicians go a-ducking : we
 Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art ; but his whole action grows
 Not in the power on't * : so our leader's led,
 And we are women's men.

* That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned
 by the right, or by reason. *Johnson.*

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Cælius are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say one Taurus.

Can. Well; I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws
forth
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

Cæs. Taurus?

Taur. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke
not battle,
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this seroul; our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*Canidius marching with his land-army one way over
the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar,
the other way. After their going in, is heard the
noise of a sea-fight. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught. I can behold
no longer:

Th' Antonias *, the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle † of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd ‡ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribauld nag of Ægypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' th' midst o' th' fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brieze || upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for our flight,

* Which, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's
ship. *Pope.*

† Cantle is corner. *Johnson.*

‡ Spotted. *Ib.*

|| The brieze is the gad-fly. *Ib.*

Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; fix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be
gone.

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone.
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it. Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side. Straight-
way

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I've lost command.
Therefore, I pray you—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him. Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. Oh Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir!

Ant. Oh, fy, fy, fy.

Char. Madam—

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress!

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes.—He at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—no matter—

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen—

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him:

He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me, oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;

A most unnoble swerving—

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, Egypt? see
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroyed in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive my fearful fails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the string*,

* That is, by the heart-string. Johnson.

And thou shouldst towe me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss:
Even this repays me. —
We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; some wine,
Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus,
with others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so. Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth.
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies * for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; dispatch,
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,

[*To Thyreus.*]

And in our name, when she requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thy-
reus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his slave;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The diadem, the ensign of royalty. *Johnson.*

S C E N E IX.

*Changes to Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.**Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?*Eno.* Think, and die.*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What although you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.*Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.**Ant.* Is that his answer?*Amb.* Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy,
 So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.*Ant.* Let her know't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my Lord?*Ant.* To him again. Tell him, he wears the
 rose

Of youth upon him, from which the world should
 note

Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' th' command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart *,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

[Exit Antony.]

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' shew
Against a sworder.—I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
Tho' loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart,

Cleo. None but friends. Say boldly.

Thyr. So haply are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

* I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age and power. *Johnson.*

Thus then, thou most renown'd, Cæsar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on. ——— Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh!

[*Aside.*

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony—Sir, Sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit Enobar.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? For he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon.

But it would warm his spirits to hear from me.
You had left Antony, and put yourself
Under his shroud, the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand; tell him I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course:
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

S C E N E X.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by Jove that thunders.——

[Seeing Tyreus kiss her hand.]

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there——ah, you kite!——Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late when I cry'd,
ho!

Like boys unto a mufs*, kings would start forth,
And cry, *your will?* Have you no ears?

I'm Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip
him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest triba-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of She here, (what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. *[Exeunt with Thyr.]*
You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd.

* i. e. A scramble. Pope.

By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord, —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't! the wile gods feel our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously prick'd out. For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with,
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And pligher of high hearts. — O that I were
Upon the hill of Baan, to outroar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause!
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Serv. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter: and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Hence—
The white hand of a lady fever thee, [forth,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry.
And, at this time, most easy 'tis to do't,

When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enchanchis'd bohdman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of Antony.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.—

Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let Heav'n ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone.
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! the next Cæſario ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Ly graveleſs: 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I'm ſatisfy'd:

Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatening moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? Doſt thou hear,
Lady?

If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously. For when my hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day ;
I had thought t' have held it poor : but since my Lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
Queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. *[Exeunt.]*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear ; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecnas, with their
army. Cæsar reading a letter.*

Cæsar.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt. My messenger
He hath whip'd with rods, dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
He hath many other ways to die : mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot * of his distraction : never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done ;
And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Char-
mian, Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
He's twenty men to one. [fortune,

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "take all."

Ant. Well said. Come on.

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ; so hast thou ;
And thou ; and thou : and thou. You've served
And kings have been your fellows. [me well,

Cleo. What means this ?

* Take advantage of. *Johnson,*

Eno. aside.] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which
Out of the mind. [sorrow shoots

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clap'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night:

May be it is the period of your duty;
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. It may chance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods shield you for't?

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep.
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;
I spake it for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

*A Court of Guard before the Palace.**Enter a company of Soldiers.*

1 Sold. Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way. Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing. What news?

2 Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to you.

1 Sold. Well, Sir, good night.

[They meet with other Soldiers.]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[They place themselves on every corner of the stage.]

2 Sold. Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[Music of the hautboys is under the stage.]

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i' th' air. —

3 Sold. Under the earth. —

It signs well, does it not?

2 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the God Hercules, who loved Antony,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? *[Speak together.]*

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmian and others.

Ant. Eros, mine armour, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come. Mine armour, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on.
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—false, false; this,
this;—

Cleo. Sooth-la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

[*Cleopatra puts the armour on Antony.*]

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now;
Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Ero. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. O Love!
That thou couldst see my wars to day, and knew'st
The royal occupation; thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee; welcome;
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes,
So, so.—Come, give me that—This way—Well
said.

Fare thee well, dame; whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony.—But now.—Well!—On. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sol. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus;

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp.

Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,

I will subscribe gentle adieus and greetings.

Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men! Dispatch, my Eros. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is, Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

Agg. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near.

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Mark Antony is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on

Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to encline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony ; for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him : Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true. Best you sated the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows * my
heart ;

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought ; but thought will do't, I
I fight against thee !—No, I will go seek [feel.]
Some ditch where I may die ; the foul'st best fits
My later part of life. [Exit.]

* This generosity, says Enobarbus, swells my heart so,
that it will quickly break, if thought break it not, a swif-
ter mean. Johnson.

S C E N E VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agg. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
 Caesar himself has work, and our oppression *
 Exceeds what we expected. *[Exit.]*

Alarm. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor ! this is fought indeed :
 Had we done so at first, we had drove them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
 Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage
 For a fair victory. *[serves]*

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

*Alarm. Enter Antony again in a march, Scarus
 with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
 And let the queen know of our guests. To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you, and have fought

* Oppression, for opposition. Warburton.

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends;
 Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand;
 [To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' th' world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

Oh, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale!

We've beat them to their beds. What! girl,
 though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown,
 Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
 And can get goal for goal * of youth. Behold this
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand. [man;
 Kiss it, my warrior. He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god in hate of mankind had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand;
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we would all sup together;
 And drink carowfes to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear,

* At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a
 goal; to win a goal is to be superior in a contest of a sti-
 vity. *Johnson.*

Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Sentry and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard; the night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

2 Watch. What man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.

Sent. Enobarbus?

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh Antony! oh Antony! [Diss.]

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Sent. Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

2 Watch. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

ANTONY and Act IV.

Sent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Sent. The hand of death has raught him.

[*Drums afar off.*]

Hark how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is giv'n;
They have put forth the haven.
Where their appointment we best may discover,
And look on their endeavour*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd.
Where yond pine stands I shall discover all,

* That is, where we may best discover their numbers,
and see their motions. Warburton.

I'll bring thee word straight how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurs
Say they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not. [*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All's lost! this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder [me!
They cast their caps up, and carouse together,
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart [thou
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone,
Oh, sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—the hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false soul of Ægypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home,
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant.——

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his love!

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex. Most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone;
 [Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his plot: she dies for't. Eros, ho! [Exit.]

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so imboss'd.

Char. To the monument,
 There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead;
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument.
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
 Say, that the last I spoke was Antony;
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To the mo-
 nument. [Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

Re-enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air. Thou'lt seen these
 They are black Vesper's pageants. [signs,

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
 thought

The rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
 Ev'n such a body; here I'm Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen,
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
 (Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost!) she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph *.

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile lady!
 Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony,
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch, peace. She hath be-
 And she shall die the death. [tray'd me,

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
 And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
 Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

* *Triumph*, either signifies Octavius's conquests, or
 what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards,
 then called the *triumph*; or the *triumphing fort*. Warb.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly. Go. [*Exit Mardian.*
Off, pluck off: —

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier—Bruised pieces, go;

[*Unarming himself.*

You have been nobly borne.—From me a while—
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and [*Exit Eros.*
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lye down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—Eros! stay for me.
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,

I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back,
With ships, made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
“*I'm conqueror of myself.*” Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome; and see
Thy master thus with pleacht arms *, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once, [then
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Lo thee. — [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master;
My captain, and my emp'ror! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man, — and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief: Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then — [Eros kills himself,
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, oh valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My Queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't.

* Arms folded in each other. *Johnson.*

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard—he!—oh, dispatch me.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends;
O make an end of what I have begun.

2. *Guard.* The star is fall'n.

1. *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1. *Guard.* Not I.

2. *Guard.* Nor I.

3. *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
Which never shall be found, you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent word she was dead.
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent.

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The
guard, what, ho!

Come. Your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
'bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe, woe are we, Sir! you may not live
All your true followers out. [to wear

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
Fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.

I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends;
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

S C E N E XIII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras above.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' th' other side of your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou fun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony!
Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but, woe, 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lav upon thy lips.——Come down.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear, my Lord, pardon. I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be broach'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion*, shall acquire no honour
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony.
Help me, my women. We must draw thee up——
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed †!—how heavy weighs
my Lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little——

* Sedate determination, silent coolness of resolution.

Johnson.

† I suppose the meaning of these strange words is,
Here's trifling! you do not work in earnest. *Ibid.*

Wishers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*]

And welcome, welcome. Die where thou hast liv'd.

Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,

Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety—oh—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts.
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet, to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more—

[*Antony dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty? O see, my women!

The crown o' th' earth doth melt—my Lord!

Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls

Are level now with men; the odds is gone;

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. Oh, quietness, lady!

Iras. She's dead too; our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh madam, madam, madam—

Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Gleo. No more but in a woman *, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares!—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught.
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what? Good cheer! Why, how now, *Char-*
mian?

My noble girls!—ah, women, women; look,
Our lamp is spent, 'tis out—Good firs, take heart,
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

[Exeunt bearing off Antony's body.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas Gallus,
and train.*

Cæsar.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him
He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit Dolabella.]

* No more—but e'en a woman.

*I have no more of my wonted greatness; but am even a
woman on the level with other women. Johnson.*

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
Appear thus to us? [dar'nt

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar: if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have
Lions into civil streets and citizens [shook
Into their dens—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by the public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self-hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?——
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings!

Ag. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal in him.

Ag. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
He needs must see himself. [him,

Cæs. O Antony!

I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
 Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts
 That thou my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should have divided
 Our equalness to this *. Hear me, good friends—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season.

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet; the Queen my
 Confin'd in all she has, her monument, [mistress,
 Of thy intents desires instruction;
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourably and how kindly we
 Determine for her. For Cæsar cannot live,
 To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the Gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: go, and say,
 We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require;
 Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

* That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

Johnson.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Monument.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian and
Seleucus, above.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will, and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's *—

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Cæsar sends greetings to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master

* That is, which sleeps, and hath no farther relish for
the trash and dung of this earth, which dung is equally
necessary to the support of Cæsar as of the meanest beg-
gar. *Revised.*

Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, and I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer.

You're fall'n into a princely hand. Fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

Fro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpriz'd.

[*Here Gallus and Guard ascend the monument by a ladder, and enter at a back window.*]

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

[*The monument is open'd; Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold;

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
languish *?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death

* For languish, I think we may read, *anguish*. Johnf.

Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?

'Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, Lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be necessary †,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of cens'ring Rome? rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into ahhorring! rather make
My country's high Pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

S C E N E III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best. Be gentle to her.
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[To Cleopatra.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit Proculeius.]

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

† That is, *I will not eat; and if it will be necessary now
for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I
will not sleep neither.* Johnson.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys, or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emp'rour Antony:
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
The little O o' th' earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world, his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and islands
As plates drop'd from his pocket. [were

Dol. Cleopatra——

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
As this I dream'd of? [man

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming; nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it,
As answer'ing to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Sc. 4. CLEOPATRA. 0099

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable——

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will. I know't.

All. Make way there——Caesar.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise. Rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my Lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,

I cannot project * mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cleo. Cleopatra, know

We will extenuate rather than inforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.—

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,

* To project a cause, is to represent a cause; to project it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence. *Johns.*

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
Lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of; 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted †. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather feel my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! Oh, behold,
How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd, — What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain,
dog,

[*Striking him.*]

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good Queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so weak, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

† Omitted. *Theob. Ham. Warb.*

For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred! The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To Seleucus.

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance*. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the greatest are mis-
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names;
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd:

Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
For we intend so to dispose you, as [Queen;
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my Lord!

Cæs. Not so.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

S C E N E V.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to myself.
But hark thee, Charmian. [Whispers Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good Lady. The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

[*Exit Charmian.*

* *Chance for fortune.* Warburton.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold; Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto-sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will be sent before.
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on Cæsar. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shew'd
In Rome as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras; saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness,
I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I'm sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. Now, Charmian.

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed—
And when thou'lt done this charge, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day. Bring our crown, and all
Wherefore this noise? [*A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

May do a noble deed!—He brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guardsman. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him, but I would not be
the party should desire you to touch him, for his
biting is immortal; those that do die of it, do fel-
dom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too: I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday,
a very honest woman, but something given to lie,
as a woman should not do, but in the way of hon-
esty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain
she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o'
th' worm: but he that will believe all that they
say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But
this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this; look you, that the worm will do his kind *.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you; for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone. Farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o' th' worm.

[Exit]

SCENE VI.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip. Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear Antony call, I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act. I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men T' excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come; Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So—— have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian. Iras, long farewell.

[Applying the asp.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? dost fall? [To Iras:]

* The serpent will act according to his nature.

Johnson.

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou ly still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*]

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may
The gods themselves do weep. [*I say,*]

Cleo. This proves me base——
If she first meets the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate

[*To the serpent.*]

Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar aïs,
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.——

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What, should I stay—— [*Dies.*]

Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast thee, Death; in thy possession lyes
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Charmian applies the asp.*]

Oh, come. Apace, dispatch. I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! all's not well. Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard*. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar.
Call him.

1 *Guard*. What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldiers?— [*Charmian dies.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard*. All dead!

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreadful act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for Cæsar.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last:

She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard*. A simple countryman, that brought her
This was his basket. [*figs:*]

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 *Guard*. Oh Cæsar!

This Charmian liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown *

* The flesh is somewhat puffed or swollen. Johnson.

The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an asp's trail; and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as th' asp's leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable

That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.

She shall be buried by her Antony.

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;

And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes* *.]

* This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition. *Johnson.*

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

VOL. IX.

K

Dramatis Personæ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the queen by a former husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman married to the princess.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } Disguised under the names of Paladour
ARVIRAGUS, } and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.

PHILARIO, an Italian, friend to Posthumus.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, ambassador from Rome.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

A French gentleman.

CORNELIUS, a doctor.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen; wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

• Story taken from Boccace's *Decameron*, day 2d. novel 9.
little besides the names being historical. *Pope.*]

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man but frowns: our
bloods *

No more obey the Heavens than our court-
Still seem as does the King's. [tires,

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow. [whom
That late he married, hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman.

She's wedded: —

Her husband banished; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the King?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

* *i. e.* Our dispositions: these are commonly suppo-
sed to be influenced by the weather, and therefore may
be properly said to obey it. The sense therefore is,
Every one you meet appears to be displeased and out of
humour; the heavens have no more influence on our
dispositions than they have on the courtiers: both seem
to be equally determined by the humour the King hap-
pens to be in. If he is cloudy, all are instantly cloudy
too. *Revival.*

Of the King's look, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scould at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath mis'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man !
And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within-
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself*,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : his father,
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with *Callibelan* ;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd with success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus* ;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand : for which their fa-
ther old and fond of issue, took such sorrow, [ther,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd
As he was born. The King he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber ;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of. which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's spring became a harvest : liv'd in-court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st ; to th' more mature,

* That is, I do extend him, or give you his proportions, Sir, far short of what they really are in himself.

Revisal.

A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him,
Ev'n out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is she the sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it); the eldest of them at three years old,
P'th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour, no guess in know-
Which way they went. [ledge

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so con-
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow [vey'd,
That could not trace them——

1 *Gent.* Howsoever 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentle-
man,
The queen and princefs. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and At-
tendants.*

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daugh-
After the slander of most step-mothers, [ter,
Evil-eyed unto you. You're my prisoner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yer,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Dissembling Courtesy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing,
Always reserv'd my holy duty, what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my mistress!
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyallest husband that did e'er plight troth :
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you ;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. Yet I'll move him
To walk this way : I never do him wrong. [*Aside.*
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow. — Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little —
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love.
This diamond was my mother's ; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how, another!

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.]

While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,

To your so-infinite loss; so, in our trifles

I still win of you. For my sake wear this;

It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!

When shall we see again?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!——

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence! from my
fight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court

With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I'm gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st

A year's age * on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,

Harm not yourself with your vexation;

I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my
queen.

* I read, —— thou heap'st

Years, ages on me. *Johnson.*

Imo. O, blest, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock*.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made
A seat for baseness. [my throne]

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What !—art thou mad !

Imo. Almost, Sir ; Heav'n restore me ! Would I
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus * [were
Our neighbour-shepherd's son !

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !

They were again together, you have done

[To the Queen.

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some com-
fort of your best advice. [fort.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fy, you must give way.
Here is your servant. How now, Sir ? what news ?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

* A kite.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his
—To draw upon an exile! O brave Sir!— [part.
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me;

You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.

For this time leave me. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sa-
crifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith: not so much as his patience.
[Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel,
if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-
side the town. [Aside.

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, toward your
face. [Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your
own; but he added to your having, gave you some
ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [Aside.]

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me! —

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

1 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.]

Clot. You'll go with us?

2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,

And question'dst every sail. If he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, "his Queen, his Queen!"

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or bat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
'em, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good
When shall we hear from him? [*Pisanio,*

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next 'vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him
The she's of Italy should not betray [*I swear*
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons; for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them done.
I will attend the Queen. [*patch'd;*

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*Changes to Rome.**Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.*

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes him* both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value than his own, words him †, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits with gentlemen of your know-

* In the sense in which we say, This will make or mar you. *Johnson.*

† Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. *Ibid.*

ing to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard *, than in my every action to be guided by other's experiences; but upon my mended judgment, if I offend not to say it is mended, my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: this gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

* This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. *Johnson.*

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you.—

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince * the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Sig-

* Convince for overcome. Warburton.

nior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no. —

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on th' approbation * of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend †, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you

* *Proof.* *Johnson.*

† *You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity.* *Johnson.*

cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate; if she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Post. and Iach.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a phial.

Queen. While yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers :

Make haste.—Who has the note of them?

Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, master Doctor, you have brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam.

But I beseech your Grace, without offence, My conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been Thy pupil long? hast thou not learned me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth wooe me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, but none human, To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their severall virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart; Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal: upon him *[Aside.]*

Will I first work ; he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio ?
 —Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam ; [*Aside.*
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word. — [*To Pisanio.*

Cor. solus.] I do not like her. She doth think
 she has

Strange ling'ring poisons ; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while ;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
 dogs,

Then afterwards up higher ; but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? dost thou
 think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses ? do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master ; greater ; for
 His fortunes all ly speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being *,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What, shalt thou expect
 To be depender on a thing that leans ?
 Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,

* To change his abode. *Johnson.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

[*Pisanio takes up the phial.*]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;

It is a thing I make, which hath the king

Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know

What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself:

Think what a change thou chancest on; but
think;—

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King

To any shape of thy preferment, such

As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly. Call my women——

[*Exit Pisanio.*]

Think on my words.—A fly and constant knave;

Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;

And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand fast to her Lord—I've giv'n him that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of leigers * for her sweet; and which she after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,

I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

* A leiger ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court, to promote his master's interest. *Johnson.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Imogen's Apartments.**Enter Imogen alone.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it.—Had I been thief-stoll'n,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort *. Who may this be? fy!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your Highness dearly. [*Gives a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good Sir;
 You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*]
 She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot:
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight,
 Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kind-
 nesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him
 accordingly, as you value your trust.*

Leonatus.

* *With reason's comfort.*

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable en-
 joyments. *To Imogen.*

So far I read aloud:

But ev'n the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.

—You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady.

—What! are men mad? hath nature giv'n them
eyes

[*Aside.*]

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and mon-
keys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with moves the other: nor i' th' judgment;
For ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,

That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That rub, both fill'd and running; ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What,

Dear Sir, thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well—'Beseech you, Sir,

[*To Pisanio.*]

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there
So merry, and so game some ; he is call'd
The Britain Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian girl at home, he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free lungs, cries
Oh !

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,
Will's free hours languish for assured bondage ?

Imo. Will my Lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : but Heav'n
knows,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'n's bounty tow'rds
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much ;
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents :
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir ?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir ?

You look on me : what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! what !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I th' dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say. Enjoy your —— but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing *
The remedy's then born; discover to me
What both you spur and stop †.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. Oh dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart
W t pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,

* Rather, timely known. Johnson.

† What it is that at once incites you to speak, and
restrains you from it. *Ib.*

'Would make the greatest King double! to be partner'd

'With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
'Which your own coffers yield †!—with diseas'd ventures,

'That play with all infirmities for gold,
'Which rottenness lends nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have

So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!—
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court

† *Gross strumpets, hired with the very pension which you allow your husband. Johnson.*

He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus, I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! Blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest Sir that ever
Country called his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest sir! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mong men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chasteless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir. Take my pow'r i' th' court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord,
Best feather of our wing, have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor of the rest, have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk.
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you; or I shall short my
word,

By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross the seas, on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Cloten.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit
away! I had an hundred pound on't. And then a
whoreson jack-an-apes must take me up for swear-
ing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might
not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [Aside.]

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any flanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord; nor crop the ears of them. [Aside.]

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? would he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. — [Aside.]

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every jack-slave hath his belly-full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.]

Clot. Say'st thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion * that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. It is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [Aside.]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus's friends.

Clot. Léonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

* The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. Johnson.

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship. [*Exit Cloten.*
That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass—a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—Alas, good Princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make.—The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to a magnificent Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,

I pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech ye. [Sleeps.]

[Iachimo rises from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus [sense
Did softly press the rushes *, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss—rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white and azure! lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.—But my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such and such pictures—there, the window,—such
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why, such and such—and the contents o' th' story—
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, & enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of death, ly dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slipp'ry as the Gordian knot was hard.—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more—to what
end?

* It was the custom, in the time of our author, to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. *Johnson.*

Why should I write this down that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:——
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that daw-
May bare its raven eyes: I lodge in fear; [ning
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.

S C E N E III.

*Changes to another part of the Palace, facing
Imogen's Apartments.*

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 Lord. Your Lordship is the most patient man
in loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the no-
ble temper of your Lordship: you are most hot and
furious when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage.
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vis'd to give her music o' mornings; they say it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on. Tune. If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so: we'll try with tongue too; if
none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give
o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing;
after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich
words to it; and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lyes *:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone. — If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter. Will she not forth? [ter?]

Clot. I have assail'd her with musies, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him; some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly sollicit, and be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Encrease your services; so seem as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which

* i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lyes in the cups of flowers. Warburton.

You tender to her : that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now :
But that's no fault of his ; we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us † ;
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us ; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her ly still, and dream. By your leave, ho !
[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth ; yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer : and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man.
Can it not do and undo ? I will make [*What*]
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave— [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

† i. e. the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

Warburton.

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylor's are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your Lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person. Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The prince's—

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me;
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you spare me—'faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my
I will not. [sin.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:

And am so near the lack of charity,
T' accuse myself I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father ; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scrapes o' th' court, it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
Yet who than he more mean ? to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot † :
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth ;
A pantler ; not so eminent——

Imo. Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his realm ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio ?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment ? now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse.—Go, bid my woman

† A self-figured knot is a knot formed by yourselves.

Johnson.

Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. Shrew
If I would lose it for a revenue [me,
Of any king of Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so. Go, and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me.

His meanest garment—

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To th' worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd.

His meanest garment?—well.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir. I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd
I barely gratify your love; they failing, [hopes,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,

E'er look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers * they are people such
That mend upon the world.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, Iachimo.—

Post. Sure, the swift harts have posted you by
And winds of all the corners kifs'd your sails, [land,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain Court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

* i. e. to those who try them. Warburton.

Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,——
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Froud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride.—A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,

Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true ;

And this you might have heard of here by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves * : the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her ;
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted : th' andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour † ?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale ‡ ; I beg but leave to air this jewel. See !—
And now 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that.
She stript it from her arm. I see her yet ;

* So near to speech. *Johnson.*

† Is this her honour ?—That is, Is this any way relating to the honour of my wife ? *Upton.*

‡ If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage.
Johnson.

Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no. 'Tis true. Here, take
this too: [Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her.

Post. Very true.
And so, I hope, he came by't;—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears,
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring;—'tis true; I'm sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All sworn and honourable. They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast,
 'Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
 I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.
 Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:
 If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here to tear her limb-meal!
 I will go there; and do't i' th' court before
 Her father.——I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides
 The government of patience! You have won;
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;
 And that most venerable man, which I
 Did call my father, was I know not where,
 When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn——that I
 thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
 This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not? —
 Or less—at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, Oh! and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
 It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers in part, or all; but rather all.—For
 even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them;—yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and
 Lords, at one door, and at another Caius Lucius
 and Attendants.*

Cymbeline.

NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance
 Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues [*yet*
 Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Callibelan, thine uncle,
 Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it, for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius: Britain is
A world by't self; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my Liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands,
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,
The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point,
Oh, giglet fortune! to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars; other
of them may have crooked noses, but to own such
strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan; I do not say I am one, but I
have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

'Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world, against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Malmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: Malmutius made
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar,
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers, thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. — War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again, perforce
Behoves me keep at utterance †. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pa-
stime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek
us afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in
our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is
yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
fare the better for you; and there's an end.

† That is, at my extremest peril. *Revisal.*

Luc. So, Sir.——

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pisanio, reading a letter.

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse? Leonatus!
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what false Italian,
As pois'nous tongu'd as handed †, hath prevail'd
On thy too-ready hearing!—Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable.—How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter
That I have sent her by her own command,* [Reading.
Shall give thee opportunity.—Damned paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a foedarie for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord Leonatus.
Oh, learn'd indeed were that astrologer
That knew the stars as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open.—You good Gods,

† About Shakespeare's time the practice of poisoning
was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian
poisons yet more common. *Johnson.*

Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content;—(yet not
That we two are afunder;—let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love *);—of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. Blest'd be
You bees, that makes these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

Reading.] *Justice and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in † love.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

Oh, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-haven. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st,—
O let me 'bate—but not like me—yet long'st—
But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smoth'ring of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by th' way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence going
'Till our return, t'excuse—but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?

* That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. *Johnson.*

† I read, *Loyal to his vow and you; increasing in love. lb.*

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home t' her father; and provide me presently
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's † housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man? Nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through ‡. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Forest with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. See, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heav'ns, and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbants on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

† A franklin 'is literally a freeholder with a small estate,
neither villain nor vassal. Johnson.

‡ That is, I can see neither one way nor other, be-
fore me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered
with an impenetrable fog. *Ibid.*

Bel. Now for our mountain sport up to yond hill.
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor,
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best, [not
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave as keep, who's top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that

The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
 A pain that only seems to leek out danger
 I' th' name of fame and honour, which dies i' th'
 And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph, [search,
 As record of fair act; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve by doing well: what's worse,
 Must curi'ly at the censure. Oh, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd me,
 And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one
 night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told
 you oft,

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confed'rate with the Romans; so
 Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' moun-
 tains!

This is not hunters' language; he that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison which attends
 In place of greater state.
 I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to th' King;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they're mine; and though train'd up
 thus meanly
 I' th' cave, whereon they bow, their thoughts do hit

The roof of palaces * ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. Thus Paladour,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove !
 When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say, " Thus mine enemy fell,
 " And thus I set my foot on's neck ;"—even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal,
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd.—
 Oh Cymbeline ! Heav'n and my conscience know
 Thou didst unjustly banish me ; whereon,
 At three and two years old I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they take thee for their mo-
 And every day do honour to her grave ; [ther,
 Myself Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio, man,
 Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus ? wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From th' inward of thee ? One but painted thus

* *I' th' cave* wherein they bow——
i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very cave,
 which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering
 it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the
 antithesis. Warburton.

'Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? if't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy
 tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in
 my bed; the testimonies whereof ly bleeding in me.
 I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as
 strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my re-
 venge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me.
 If thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers,
 let thine hands take away her life: I shall give thee
 opportunity at Milford-haven. She hath my letter
 for the purpose, where, if thou fear to strike, and
 to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander
 to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
 paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
 To ly in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge na-
To break it with a fearful dream of him, [ture,
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed! is't?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, Iachimo;—
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some j-y of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript. To pieces with me. Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, not born where it grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand; come, here's my
heart——

Something's afore't—soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[Opening her breast,
Obedient as the scabbard!—What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus

All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom,

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more

Be stomachers to my heart; thus may poor fools

Believe false teachers; tho' those that are betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor

Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,

That set'st my disobedience 'gainst the king,

And mad'st me put into contempt the suits

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,

It is no act of common passage, but

A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself

To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her

Whom now thou tir'st on*, how thy memory

Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch;

The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls first†.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd

So many miles with a pretence? this place?

Mine action? and thine own? our horses' labour?

The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,

For my being absent? whereunto I never

Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far

To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

Th' elected deer before thee?

* That is, When the edge of thy appetite shall be blunted by her in whose embraces thou art now glutting it. *Revisal.*

† I read,
I'll wake mine eye-balls out first,——or blind first. *Johns.*

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This curst injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan—

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow;
What shall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, Cloten,
That Cloten whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I'm most glad

You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-haven
 To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
 Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
 That which, t'appear itself, must not yet be,
 But by self-danger, you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view †; yea, haply, near
 The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
 That though his actions were not visible,
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
 You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
 The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self, to waggish courage;
 Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sauey, and
 As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
 Exposing it (but, oh, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Forethinking this, I have already fit,
 'Tis in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in your serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you're happy; which you'll make him
 know,

If that his head have ear in music: doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,

† i. e. Likely to prove successful.

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad?
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even †
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote: I must from hence,
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself,
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-haven.

Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;

† We'll make our work even with our time; we'll
do what time will allow. *Johnson.*

The due of honour in no point omit :
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
Lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning ; but it honours
That we have giv'n him cause. [us,

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness ;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty ;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir ? how

Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, Sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giv'n to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? grant, Heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after.

Pisanio, that stands so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious: but for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the King; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love and hate her; —for she's fair and
royal,

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded

Outsells them all: I love her therefore;—but
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
 Shall——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
 Come hither. Ah! you precious pander, villain,
 Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[Drawing his sword.]

Pis. Oh, my good Lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,

How can she be with him? when was she mis'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
 No further halting. Satisfy me home
 What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is,—at once,—
 —At the next word. No more of worthy Lord.

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her.
 Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough; and what he learns by
this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she's dead.

Oh, Imogen,

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah,
if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true
service, undergo those employments wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious indu-
stry; that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to
perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an
honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means
for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the
course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither. Let it be thy first service. Go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

[Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-haven?—I forgot
to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon—Even
there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I
would these garments were come. She said upon
a time, the bitterness of it I now belch from my
heart, that she held the very garment of Posthumus
in more respect than my noble and natural per-
son, together with the adornment of my qualities.
With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first

kill him, and in her eyes. There shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath din'd, which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd, to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall render itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford; 'would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heav'nly blessings on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness! labour be his meed! [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's cloaths.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken. O Jove, I think

Foundations fly the wretched; such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness,
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou'rt one o' th' false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[Seeing the cave.]

Here is a path to it—'tis some savage hold;
It were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend*. Ho!—No answer? Then I'll
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy *[Enter.*
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good Heav'ns!

[She goes into the cave.]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Paladour, have prov'd best wood-
man, and
Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat in th' cave, we'll brouze
Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd. *[On that,*

* Take or lend; that is, either take my life, or lend
me your assistance. *Revisal.*

Bel. Stay, come not in—*[Looking in.]*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness!
No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd
found

Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted hence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
—Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard but be your groom in honesty;
I'd bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mong'st friends?

If brothers, would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my } *Aside.*
prize

Been less *, and so more equal ballasting.

To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes †,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, Gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus is false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,
less welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

* The sense is, Then had the prize thou hast mastered in me been less, and not have sunk thee, as I have done, by overloading thee. *Revisal.*

† The nothing-gift which the multitude are supposed to bestow, is glory, reputation; which is a present of little value from their hands, as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor constant in continuing it. *Revisal.*

SCENE VIII.

*Changes to Rome.**Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
Gainst the Panonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Proconsul; and to you, the Tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions.

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Forest in Wales.**Enter Cloten alone.*

I Am near to th' place where they should meet,
If Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his
garments serve me! why should his mistress, who
was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit
too? the rather, saving reverence of the word, be-
cause, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits.
Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak
it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and

his glafs to confer; in his own chamber I mean), the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this ill-perseverant thing loves him in my despatch. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his restlessness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe. Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune put them into my hand. This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well; remain here in the cave: We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here. [To Imogen.] Are we not brothers?—

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well; But not so citizen a wanton, as To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me; Sick to your journal course; the breach of custom Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die;
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee, I have spoke it;
How much * the quantity, the weight as much;
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault;—I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
“My father, not this youth.”

Bel. O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire the
base:

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me!
—'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health—So please you, Sir.

Imo. aside. These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:
Experience, oh, thou disprov'st report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick.—*Pisanio,*
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*]

Guid. I could not stir him †.
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field.
—We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.

* As much the quantity, &c. *Revised.*
† Not move him to tell his story. *Johnson.*

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill
I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen to the caves.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his meat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broth as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile,
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs * together,

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder †, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away. Who's
there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find these runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' Queen. I fear some ambush,

* *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. *Pope.*

† Let the stinking elder, [grief], *entwine* his root
with that of the vine, [patience], and in the end pati-
ence must out-grow grief. This I take to be the sense,
and that therefore we should read *entwine*. *Hawkins.*

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We're held as out-laws. Hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineer.
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my cloaths?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then double villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear, the
At fools I laugh, not fear them. [wife;

Clot. Die the death! —

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Fight, and exits.

SCENE IV.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one Cloten's
Son to the Queen, after his own report; [head,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in;
Displace our heads, where, thanks ye Gods, they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We're all undone !

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But what he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on ; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone ; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head : the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering ; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come, as the gods foresay it ; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day ; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reck. [Exit]

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd.
'Would, Paladour, thou hadst not done 't ! though
Becomes thee well enough. [Valour]

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me ! Paladour,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much

Thou'st robb'd me of this deed ; I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
And put us to our answer. [thro',

Bel. Well, 'tis done :

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock.
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
'Till hasty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible * instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still 'tis strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother. His body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Paladour ! it sounds : but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? hark !

Guid. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean ? Since death of my
dear'st mother,

* Invisible for unknown. Revisal.

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?—
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

S C E N E V.

Enter Arvirargus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arr. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare*
Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but ah!

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see,
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as Death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek

Guid. Where?

Arr. O' th' floor,
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

* *Sluggish crare.* A crare is a small trading vessel. *Revis.*

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock † would
With charitable bill, oh bill fore-shaming
Those rich-iest heirs that let their fathers ly
Without a monument! bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.——

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.——To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Paladour, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground;
As, once, our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,
Together, have one dust, yet Reverence, [rotting
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place, 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

† The ruddock is the redbreast. Johnson.

Guid. Pray fetch him hither.
 Therfites' body is as good as Ajax,
 When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th'
 My father hath a reason for't. [cast;

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
 Both golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to cloath and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 Both the sceptre, learning, physick, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*

Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.*

Guid. *Fear not slander, censure rash.*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy grave!*

SCENE VI.

Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away. Apart upon our knees.
—The ground that gave them first has them again;
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

Imogen awaking.

Imo. Yes, Sir; to Milford-haven which is the way? —

I thank you—by you bush?—pray, how far thither? —

'Ods pittikins—can it be six mile yet? —

I've gone all night—'faith I'll ly down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow.—Oh gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man the care on't.—I hope I dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind: Good faith

I tremble still with fear; but if there be

Yet left in Heav'n as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods! a part of it!

The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake it is

Without me as within me; not imagin'd, felt,

A headless man!—the garments of Posthumus?

I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,

His foot *mercurial*, his *marital* thigh,

The brawns of Hercules: but his *joyial* face —

Murder in heaven?—how!—'tis gone!—Pisanio!—

All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my Lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treach'rous?—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio!—
 From this the bravest vessel of the world,
 Struck the main-top! oh Posthumus, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, [that?
 And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?—
 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious,
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Capt. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-haven; with your ships
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Capt. The Senate hath stir'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Capt. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command our present num-
 bers

Be must'rd; bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision,
 (I fast and pray'd for their intelligence),

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends,
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false!—Soft, ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Capt. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems, [one,
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ.* If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele, Sir.*

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,

No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes * can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
And on it said a century of prayers, [grave,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettiest dazied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave. Come, arm him †. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again, and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger. Heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! My Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! Her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and

* Meaning her fingers. *Johnson.*

† That is, Take him up in your arms. *Hammer.*

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Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why gone;
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your High-
Hold me your loyal servant. [ness,

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten;
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy [To *Pis.*
Does yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront * no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more
you're ready;

The want is, but to put these powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard † no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.

* Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear
the enemy will bring against us. *Johnson.*

† I've had no letter. *Hammer.*

Wherein I'm false, I'm honest; not true, to be true.
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.
 [Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arr. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock
 From action and adventure. [it]

Guid. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
 Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
 For barb'rous and unnatural revolts
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
 To the King's party there's no going; newness
 Of Cloten's death, we being not known, nor muster'd
 Among the bands, may drive us to a render †
 Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us
 That which we've done, whose answer would be
 Drawn on with torture. [death]

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Not satisfying us.

Arr. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
 And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time upon our note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
 Of many in the army; many years,

† A render for a confession.

Tho' Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeles
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd;
But to be still hot summer's tanglings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to the army;
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison;
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his best beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By Heav'n's I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefor due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I, *Amen.*

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll ly.
Lead, lead. The time seems long: their blood thinks
scorn

'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.*

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves;
For wrying but a little? Oh, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worie,
And make them dread it † to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen's your own. Do your best wills,

* The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determin'd to send. *Johnson.*

† The divinity-schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You Gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

*You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more.*

Others, says our Poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes,

And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.

Here's a relative without an antecedent substantive.;

And make me blest t' obey !—I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough,
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace !
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good

Heav'ns,

Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant ; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with ; so I'll die,
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death ; and thus unknown,
Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show ;
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion. Less without, and more within.

[Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army, at one door ; and the Britain army at another ; Leonatus Posthumus following the British like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus ; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country ; and the air on't,
Revengefully enfeebles me ; or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me

which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read,

And make them dreaded, to the doer's thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more ; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. *Theobald.*

In my profession? Knighthoods and honours borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand. We have th' advantage of
 the ground;
 That lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
 The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand; stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the
 stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought. The King himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken.
 And but the backs of Britain seen; all flying

Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughter's ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through fear, that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle; ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country. 'Thwart the lane
He, with two striplings, lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame*,
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
"To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! Stand;
"Or we are Romans, and will give you that
"Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
"But to look back in frown. Stand, stand."——

These three,

Three thousand confident, (in act as many,
For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, "Stand,
"stand,"

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example, (oh, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon,

* Shame, for modesty. *Warburton.*

A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves
 The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' th' need; having found the back-door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
 Some slain before, some dying; some their friends
 O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? here is one:

"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,

"Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [Exit.]

Post. Still going? This is a Lord! oh noble misery,

To be i' th' field, and ask what news of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To've sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too? I in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly
 monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
 That draw his knives i' th' war.—Well, I will find
 him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,

No more a Briton, I've resum'd again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' Roman; great the answer * be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man in a silly habit,
 That gave th' affront with them †.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman——
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
 service,
 As if he were of note; bring him to th' King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
 Pisanio, and Roman captives. The Captains pre-
 sent Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him
 over to a Goaler. After which, all go out.*

* Answer, as once in this play before, is retaliation.

Johnson.

† That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. Ib.

SCENE III.

*Changes to a Prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.*

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stol'n*, you've
locks upon you;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
I think, to liberty; yet am I better [way,
Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods,
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry?

So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfy,
I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No stricter tender of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire;
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great
Powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,

* This wit of the goaler alludes to the custom of
putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to
pasture. *Johnson.*

And cancel those cold bonds. Oh Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.— [He sleeps.

Solemn music * : Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.—

Hath my poor boy done aught but well;
Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Who sefather, Jove! (as men report;
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in her throes;
That from me my Posthumus rip'd †,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity! —

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

* Here follow a vision, a masque, and a prophecy, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for meer show, and apparently not of Shakespeare. Pope.

† Perhaps we should read,
That from my womb Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes.

Johnson.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he,
 That could stand up his parallel,
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonatus' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one?
 Sweet Imogen! —

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his noble heart and brain
 With needful jealousy,
 And to become the geek and scorn
 O' th' other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That striking in our country's cause
 Fell bravely and were slain;
 Our fealty and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd;
 Then, Jupiter, thou King of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due,
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help,
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To th' shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make me gift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade!
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

[Jupiter drops a tablet.]

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away. No farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. *[Ascends.]*
Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields, his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[Vanish.]

Post. waking. Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me, and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born.

And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness's favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground! a book! oh rare one!
 Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers;
 As good as promise.

*Reads.] When as the lion's whelp shall, to himself
 unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
 a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
 shall be lop'd branches, which, being dead many
 years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock,
 and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his mis-
 eries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and
 plenty..*

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue and brain not: either both, or nothing;
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie: be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too

much *; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging is the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles. Bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

* I read, *And merry that you are paid so much. I take the second paid to be 'paid, for appaid, filled, satiated.*

Johnson.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler;
no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O there were desolation of goalers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Step'd before targes of proof, cannot be found;
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor looks*.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
But no trace of him. [*living,*]

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*]

* *And poor luck. Warburton.*

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria were we born, and gentlemen;
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.

[*They kneel.*]

Arise my knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King!

To four your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself,
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
With such integrity, she did confess [love
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her sight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew; yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown;
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open'd, in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes, repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners;
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threatned

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't. And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat : my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd ; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
Highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him ;
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own, I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, " Live, boy : " ne'er thank thy master ; live ;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it :
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death ; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me ; briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys !
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak,

Wilt have him live ? is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness ; who, being born your
Am something nearer.

[vassal,

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private; if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cym. and Imo. walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another
Not more resembles. That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd and was Fidele. What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke t' us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress. [Aside.]

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good or bad. [Cym. and Imo. come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth.

[To Iachimo.]

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—One speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,

Whom thou didst banish, and, which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my
Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—give me leave, I faint.—

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy
strength;

I'd rather thou shouldst live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour; it was in Rome, accurs'd
The mansion where; 'twas at a feast, oh, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head; the good Post-
humus—

What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature*, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straght-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthu-
Most like a noble lord in love, and one [mus,
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as virtue, he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
And then a mind put in't, either our brags [made,

* Feature, for proportion of parts. Warburton.

Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins—
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise: and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
By your chaste daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Can in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; a erring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
Oh, cunning! how I got it; nay, some marks
Of secret on her person; that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon—
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward]
Italian fiend!—ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorri'd things o' th' earth amend,

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' th' street to bay me; every villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—Oh Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen! Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall 's have a play of this?

Thou scornful page, there ly thy part.

[Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress—Oh, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now—Help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me

To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error:—

Guid. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think that you are upon a rock *, and now
Throw me again.

Poff. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't. [To *Guid.* Arvir.

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my Lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and
If I discover'd not which way she went,

* Consider, that you have just escaped being wrecked
in the full persuasion of my infidelity and death, and
are at last got safe on a rock; now throw me from you
again, if your heart will give you leave. *Revisah.*

It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Lady's honour. What became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pry'thee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever fear for. — Let his arms alone;

They were not born for bondage. *[To the Guard.]*

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three ;

But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For my own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guld. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave :

Thou hadst, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age ; indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot.

First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy ; here's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ? my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you, your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd ;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment.
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did : These gentle princes,
For such and so they are, these twenty years
Have I train'd up ; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, Sir, as
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, *Euriphile*,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children.
Upon my banishment I mov'd her to't ;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,

For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a-while—
This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. - Oh *Imogen*,
Thou'st lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord;
I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister: I, you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?—
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance. But not the time, nor
place,

Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought;
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, Sir,

The soldier that did company these three,
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,

[*Kneels.*

As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe; but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:

The pow'r that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my Lord of
Rome,

Call forth your Soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp, shall, to himself un-
known, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a
piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar,
shall be lop'd branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock,*

and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin; and Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
On whom Heav'n's justice both on her and hers,
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods!
And let the crooked snakes climb to their nostrils

From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there. Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes* *.

* This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity.

To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. *Johnson*.

A SONG, sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS over FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

Written by Mr WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

IV.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly bend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid,*

V.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the Sylvan cell:
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

VI.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd 'till pity's self be dead.*



TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.



Dramatis Personæ.

FRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, ÆNEAS, PANDARUS, ANTENOR,	}	Trojans.
A bastard son of Priam.		
AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, AJAX, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, THERSITES, CALCHAS,	}	Greeks.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

ALEXANDER, Cressida's servant.

Epy, page to Troilus.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian camp, before it.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lyes the scene: from isles of Greece
 The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures,
 The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come——

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
 The fresh, and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions. Priam's six gates o' th' city,
 Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples
 And corresponſive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperre up * the sons of Troy.——

Now expectation tickling skittish spirits
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd †, but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited

* To spere, or spar, from the old Teutonic word,
 (Sperren) signifies to shut up, defend by bars, &c. Theobald.

† A prologue arm'd,—] I come here to speak the pro-
 logue, and come in armour; not defying the audience,
 in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities,
 but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a
 dress of war, before a warlike play. Johnson.

P R O L O G U E.

*In like conditions as our argument;
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of these broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault,—do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet. I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field: Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not middle nor make any further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

* The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. *Pope.*

It is also found in an old story book of the three destructions of Troy, from which many of the circumstances of this play are borrowed, they being to be found no where else. *Theobald.*

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess ere she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit,
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So, t' raitor!—when she comes! When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women.—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her. But I would, somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus!
When I do tell thee, there my hopes ly drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They ly indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair; her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
In whose comparison, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach; to whose lost seizure
The cigner's down is harsh, and spirit of sense *

* *Spirit of sense*; that is, the most refined quintessence of sense, the most delicate touch of it, was, in comparison of Cressid's hand, as hard as the palm of the ploughman. *Revised.*

Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her;
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as
she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she
be not, she has the mends in her own hands †.

Troi. Good Pandarus; how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill
thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; gone
between and between, but small thanks for my la-
bour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
so fair as Helen; and she were not kin to me, she
would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Saturday.
But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-
a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, she's a
fool to stay behind her father. Let her to the Greeks.
And so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my
part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me. I will leave
all as I found it, and there's an end. [Exit Pand.

[Sound alarm.

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides.—Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

† She may mend her complexion by the assistance of
cosmetics. *Johnson.*

But Pandarus—O Gods! how do you plague me!
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
 And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woove,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all sute.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
 Her bed is India, there she lyes, a pearl;
 Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself the merchant; and this failing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

S C E N E II.

[Alarm.] Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not a-field?

Troi. Because not there. This woman's answer
 For womanish it is to be from thence. [sits;
 What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarm.]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were may—
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a publick Street, near the Walls
 of Troy.*

Enter Cressida, and Alexander her Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to th' eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the fight. Hector, whose patience
 Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd;
 He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
 And like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
 And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw,
 In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes thus; there is among the
 Greeks

A Lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,
 They call him Ajax.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Serv. They say, he is a very man *per se*, and
 stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick,
 or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts
 of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the
 lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a
 man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,
 that his valour is crush'd * into folly, his folly sauc'd
 with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue,
 that he has not a glimpse of; nor any man an at-
 taint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melan-
 choly without cause, and merry against the hair;
 he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing
 so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many
 hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and
 no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me
 smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the
 battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame
 whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
 waking.

* His valour is *crushed* into folly, his folly sauc'd with
 discretion. Warburton.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Pandarus.**Cre.* Who comes here?*Serv.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.*Cre.* Hector's a gallant man.*Serv.* As may be in the world, lady.*Pan.* What's that? what's that?*Cre.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid? what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander—How do you, cousin? when were you at Ilium*?*Cre.* This morning, uncle.*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?*Cre.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.*Pan.* E'en so; Hector was stirring early.*Cre.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.*Pan.* Was he angry?*Cre.* So he says, here.*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.*Cre.* What, is he angry too?*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.*Cre.* Oh, Jupiter! there's no comparison.*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector? do you know a man, if you see him?*Cre.* Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew him.*Pan.* Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.*Cre.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.*Cre.* 'Tis just to each of them. He is himself.* Ilium was the palace of Troy. *Johnson.*

Pan. Himself? alas poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? No, he's not himself. 'Would he were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't; Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he has his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus for a brown favour, for so 'tis, I must confess—Not brown neither—

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complection above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then Troilus should have too much, if she prais'd him above; his complection is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complection. I had as lieve Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass-window; and, you

know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus.——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen Hecuba laugh'd that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temp'rate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him. But there was such laughing, and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday. Think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' foundest judgment in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that. There's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector; there's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords; any thing, he cares not. An the devil come to him, it is all one. By godslid it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: who said he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? 'Would I could see Troilus now; you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus—I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is? Hark, do you not hear the people cry Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him. O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!—Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen to change would give money to boot.

Enter common soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a mind'd man; and then to be bak'd.

with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you ly.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these. At all these wards I ly, and at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off Women are angels, wooing;

Things won are done; joy's soul lyes in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not
this;

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.

Then though my heart's content † firm love doth
bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

*Changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian
Camp.*

*Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses,
Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness. Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after sev'n years' siege, yet Troy-walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works?
And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought
But the protractive trials of great Joye, [*else*
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

† Content for capacity. Warburton,

And what hath mass or matter by itself,
Lyes rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latent words: In the reproof of chance
Lyes the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger; but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under shade, why then the thing of
courage*,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent run'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides th' applause and approbation

The which, most mighty for thy place and sway,

[To Agamemnon.

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretch'd-out life,

[To Nestor.

I give to both your speeches; which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

* It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds
he rages and roars most furiously. *Hammer.*

Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,
As venerable Nestor hatch'd † in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the Grecians' ears
To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both
Thou great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca, and be't of less
That matter needless, of importless burden, [expect
Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
When rank Therites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected ;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny ?
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure ? Oh when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,

† That is, adorned with silver, in allusion to his white
locks of hair. *Revival.*

The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crown, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe;
 Strength should be lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
 Between whose endless jar Justice resides,
 Should lose their names, and so should Justice too;
 Then every thing include itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up itself. Great Agamemnon!
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglection of degree is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath; so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,

Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lyes mocking our designs. With him Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
 He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
 Thy tople's * deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lyes in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialect and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending, with terms unsquar'd;
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his press'd-bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just—
 Now play me Nestor—hum, and stroke thy beard,
 As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 That's done—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
 And, then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus—*
Or give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And, in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact †,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,

* *Tople's* means, what hath nothing a-top of or above it, that is, supreme. *Revisal.*

† *Severals and generals of grace*, exacts; i. e. exactments, public taxes and contributions for carrying on the war.
Warburton.

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice, many are infect :
 Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles, and keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Therfites,
 A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall our prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts.
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness call them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight *;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet war:
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

* I think it were better to read,

— and know the measure,

By their observant toil, of th' enemies' weight. *Johnf.*

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Æneas.**Agam.* What would you 'fore our tent?*Æne.* Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?*Agam.* Even this.*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.*Æne.* Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to these most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?*Agam.* How?*Æne.* I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas;
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips:
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
But what th' repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure tran-
scends.*Aga.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.*Aga.* What's your affair, I pray you?*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.*Aga.* He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind.
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake.
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A Prince call'd *Hector*, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession *,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers; to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers,

* *Confession for professing.* Warburton.

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor; one that was a man
When Hector's grandfire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vauntbrace * put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now Heav'ns forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first:
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor.

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my Time, to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be crop'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

* An armour for the arm, *avantbras*. Pope.

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous ev'n as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up *;
And in the publication make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia, though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else
oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks †
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

* That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance;
and though I have collected this purpose from many
minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small
insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as
a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is
the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness
of the expression. *Warburton*

† Small *points* compared with the volumes. *Johns.*

In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: 'mong ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses, now. I relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon; go we to him straight;
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tar * the mastiffs on as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Tarre* is an old English word signifying to provoke
or urge on. *Pope.*

A C T I I. S C E N E I.

*The Grecian Camp.**Enter Ajax and Therites.**Ajax.***T**Herites,——*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boiles—full, all over, generally. [Talking to himself.]*Ajax.* Therites.——*Ther.* And those boiles did run—fay so—did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?*Ajax.* Dog!——*Ther.* Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? feel then. [Strikes him.]*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted Lord!*Ajax.* Speak then, thou unsalted * leaven, speak; I will beat thee into handsomeness.*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!*Ajax.* Toadsfoot, learn me the proclamation.

* *Unsalted leaven* is in the old quarto. It means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakespeare wrote first *unsalted*, but recollecting that want of salt was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. Johnson.

The common reading was *whinid'st leaven*; from whence we may, with great probability, collect, that the poet wrote,

Speak then, thou vinniedst leaven.

Vinnied or *vinewed* is an old English word still in use in the western part of this island, which signifies *mouldy*.

Upton's critic, observat.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not. My fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece*.

Ajax. I say the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty: ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Therfites!——

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!—— [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch†!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou foddren-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an Assinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

* The old quarto adds these words, "When thou art
" forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as no-
" ther." *Johnson.*

† In one way of trying a *witch*, they used to place her upon a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat, and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood, in some hours, would be much stop'd, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. *Ibid.*

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

S C E N E II.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this?

How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbd his brain, more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not; he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so—— a great deal of your wit too lyes in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, (whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes), yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth; to Achilles! to Ajax! to——

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites. Peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when Achilles' brach * bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host,
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

* *Brach* is the name of a species of dogs.

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what. 'Tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewell! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry, otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
In hot digestion of this cormorant war, [sum'd
Shall be struck off. Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as touches my particular; yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand diimes
Hath been as dear as Helen. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fy, fy, my brother;

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? Fy, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your
reasons.

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perilous;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but sat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit*.

* That is, without some appearance of a merit on
which to found the affection. *Revisal*

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment; how may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what is elected,
 The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have foil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
 And did him service; he touch'd the ports desir'd,
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and
 freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath lanch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, go, go);
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
 And cry'd, *Inestimable!*); why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rare,
 And do a deed that fortune never did*,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

* If I understand this passage, the meaning is,—
 “Why do you, by censuring the determination of your
 own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not
 yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife
 of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to
 make us value her less.” This is very harsh, and much
 strained. *Johnson.*

But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
Who in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry, [elders,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand:

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe;

Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
Of divination in our sister, work [strains

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it,

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste * the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;

And, Jove forbid! there should be done amongst us

† *Distaste*, corrupt; change to a worse taste. *Johnson.*

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite ? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one belov'd on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the foil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, by honourably keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended : none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
When Helen is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd ; but superficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now,
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed * wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
 As it is known she is, these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
 design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not with a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
 For I presume brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

* That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. *Johnson.*

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation * in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Before Achilles's Tent, in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Therites solus.

How now, Therites? what, lost in the labyrinth
 of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus?
 He beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfac-
 tion! 'would it were otherwise; that I could
 beat him, whilst he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn
 to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue
 of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,
 a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these
 two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall
 of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of
 Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the King of
 Gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of
 thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little, little, less
 than little wit from them that they have; which
 short-arm'd ignorance itself knows, is so abundant
 scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly
 from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and
 cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the
 whole camp! or rather the bone-ache, for that, me-
 thinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for
 a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil envy
 say Amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles?

* That is, envy, factious contention. *Johns.*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou couldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thyself upon thyself! The common curle of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleis thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death; then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrowded any but Lazars; Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? Why my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself up to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy Lord, Therfites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Patroclus's knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Therfites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon, Therfites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Therfites. *[Exit.]*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery. All the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry Serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! *[Exit.]*

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent * our messengers, and we lay by. Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think. We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulyss. We saw him at the op'ning of his tent, He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my Lord. *[To Agam.]*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

* He shent our messengers,—i. e. rebuked, rated

Warburton.

Nest. Who, Therites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see he is his argument, that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong composition that a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The anity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him?

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for his legs are for necessity, not flexure. [courtesy]

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call on him: he hopes it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake, And after-dinner's breath.

Ag. Hear you, Patroclus; We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholsome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not find If you do say, we think him over-proud, And under honest, in self assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And under-write † in an observing kind
 His humourous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs and flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
 That if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, ly under this report,
 "Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
 "A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
 "Before a sleeping giant;" tell him so.
Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him. *Ulysses, enter.*

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
he is?

Aga. No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as va-
 liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and
 altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth
 pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your
 virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up him-
 self. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
 own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in
 the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-
 gendring of toads.

Nest. aside.] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

† To subscribe, in Shakespeare, is to obey. Johnson.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance of respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,

He makes important; possess'd he is with greatness,

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, *No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,) shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles;
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burps
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say, in thunder, Achilles, go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze * his
pride; let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the
patient.

Ajax. And all men were o' my mind——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so; he should eat
swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,—

Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him with
praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that palters thus with
Would he were a Trojan!

[us——

* To pheeze is to comb or curry.—The expression occurs
in this sense, in the Induction to the Taming of the
Shrew.

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now —

Ulyss. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulyss. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields
To sinewy Ajax: I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicker. Please it our great General
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast;
And here's a lord: come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Paris's Apartments in the Palace in Troy.**Enter Pandarus and a servant.* [Music within.]*Pandarus.***F**riend! you! pray you a word. Do not you follow the young Lord Paris?*Serv.* Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.*Pan.* You do depend upon him, I mean?*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.*Pan.* You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.*Serv.* The Lord be praised!*Pan.* You know me, do you not?*Serv.* Faith, Sir, superficially.*Pan.* Friend, know me better. I am the Lord Pandarus.*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.*Pan.* I do desire it.*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.*Pan.* Grace? not so, friend. Honour and Lordship are my titles.

What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir; it is music in parts.*Pan.* You know the musicians?*Serv.* Wholly, Sir.*Pan.* Who play they to?*Serv.* To the hearers, Sir.*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?*Serv.* At mine, Sir, and theirs that love music.*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.*Serv.* What shall I command, Sir?*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another. I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, Sir. Marry, Sir, at the request of Paris my Lord, who is there in person;

with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, Sir, Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus; I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed.

SCENE II.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen. Fair Prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits*.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen. My Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord.—My dear Lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

* I must frankly own I can see no meaning in these words. Possibly the poet might write, *Well, you say so in jest.* Revival.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet Lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to——
Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody.
If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet
Queen, i'faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a four
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall
it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words,
no, no. * And, my Lord, he desires you, that if
the king call for him at supper, you will make his
excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very
sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-
night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen?—My cousin
will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups †.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer ‡, Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;
come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ah, good my Lord, why should you say
Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

* Here I think the speech of Pandarus should be-
gin, and the rest of it should be added to that of
Helen. *Johnson.*

† These words should be added to the speech of Pan-
darus; for every thing he says of Troilus is in private
to Paris, and apart from Helena, who could not therefore
make this answer, which relates wholly to Troilus. *Revis.*

‡ The epithet Paris gives Cressida, says the author of
the *Revisal*, is a compliment of great gallantry, to signi-
fy that Paris was entirely at Cressida's disposal and com-
mand.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He? no, she'll have none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling, in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet Lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love!——ay that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now. Love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so. Love, love, nothing but love; still love, still more.

*For O, Love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.*

These lovers cry,

Oh! Oh! they die,

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:

So dying love lives still.

O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;

O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey, ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, Love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood,

hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarus.

Par. Not I, honey-sweet Queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse.

Par. To a hair.

Par. Farewell, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Par. I will, sweet Queen. *[Exit. Sound a retreat.]*

Par. They're come from field. Let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn-buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island-kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty. *[Paris:]* Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet. Above thought I love her. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

An Orchard to Pandarus's House.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus's Man.

Pan. Now, where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, Sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O here he comes. How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus, I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transporance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard. I will bring her
straight. *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round:
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subile-potent, turn'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight.
You must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were 'fraid with
a sprite. I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain.
She fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en par-
row. *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bottom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now. Swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i' th' files *. — Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. [*Snatching her mask.*] Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the terce †, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably— Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my Lord! the gods grant—O my Lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling with—

* Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places. *Hammer.*

† Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. *Theobald.*

out fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressida, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

S C E N E V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kin-

dred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won. They are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my Lord,
With the first glance that ever— Pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not till now so much.
But I might master it—in faith I lie—
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wou'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Confining in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, 'faith. [Kissing.]

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss
I am asham'd;—O heav'n's, what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cre. Pray you content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot thum yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than And fell so roundly to a large confession, [love, To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise, Or else you love not; to be wise and love, Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman, As, if it can, I will presume in you, To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love, To keep her constancy in plight and youth, Out-living beauties outward, with a mind That doth renew swifter than blood decays! Or that persuasion could but thus convince me, That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match and weight: Of such a winnow'd purity in love; How were I then uplifted! but, alas! I am as true as Truth's simplicity, And simpler than the infancy of Truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!

When Right with Right wars who shall be most right, True swains in love shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes, Full of protest, of oath, and big compare, Want similes: Truth, tir'd with iteration, As true as steel, as plantage* to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to th' centre; Yet after all comparisons of truth, As Truth's authentic author to be cited †, As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse, And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

* —as floodage to the moon. Revival.

† Troilus, says he, shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentic author of truth, as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. *Johnson*

When Time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind Oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty Nothing; yet let Memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
 As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid ———

Pan. Goto, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it, I'll
 be the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here
 my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one ano-
 ther, since I have taken such pains to bring you to-
 gether, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the
 world's end after my name; call them all *Panders*.
 Let all inconstant men be *Troilus's*, all false women
Cressida's, and all brokers between *Panders*. Say,
Amen.

Troi. Amen!

Cre. Amen!

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-
 chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of
 your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away.
 And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax,
 Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you,
 Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind
 That, through the fight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,

From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojans? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, often have you, thanks therefore,
Desir'd my Cressid in right-great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd; but this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage, and they will almost
Give us a prince o' th' blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter, and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain*.

Agam. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
Withal, bring word, if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent;
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,

* Her presence, says *Calchas*, shall strike off, or recompence the service I have done, even in these labours which were most accepted. *Johnson.*

As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last; 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
If so, I have derision medicinable [him;
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good. pride hath no other glass
To shew itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each Lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles? Would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good-morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they
not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely. They were us'd
to bend.

To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour by those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers),
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me ;
Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often giv'n. Here is Ulysses ;
I'll interrupt his reading. — How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son !

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted *,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes ; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself
Not going from itself ; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.

For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see its self. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but the author's drift ;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves

* That is, with how valuable parts or accomplishments forever endued. *Revisal.*

That no man is the lord of any thing,
 Tho' in and of him there be much consisting,
 'Till he communicate his parts to others;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in their applause
 Where they're extended, who, like an arch, re-
 verb'rate

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately
 The unknown Ajax.

Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horse,
 That has he knows not what. Nature! what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use?
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth? Now shall we see to-morrow
 An act, that very chance doth throw upon him.
 Ajax renown'd! Oh Heav'ns, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
 While others play the idiot in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these Grecian lords! why, ev'n already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it;

For they pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.
 What! are my deeds forgot!

Ulyss. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great siz'd monster, of ingratitude.
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:
 To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
 Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,

Where one but goes a-breast? keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enured tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you ly,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner. For welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,
And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted*.

The present eye praises the present object;
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee;
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

* I read,

*And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.*

Theobald.

Ulyss. 'Gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with which relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my Lord. I, as your lover, speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. — I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

* There is a secret administration of affairs, which
no history was ever able to discover. *Johnson.*

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector!

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therfites hither, sweet Patroclus;

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

T' invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,

To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in the weeds of peace;

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

S C E N E IX.

Enter Therfites.

Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, if 'twould out; and so there is, but it lyes as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows

not me. I said, Good-morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him Patroclus. Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!——

Patr. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus: What mu-

fic will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it. *[Exit.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. *[Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door, Æneas with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes the Grecian, with torches.

Paris.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dai. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to ly long; As you, Prince Paris, nought but heav'nly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good-morrow, Lord

Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand. Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told, how Diomede a whole week, by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir, During all question * of the gentle truce:

* i. e. converse, intercourse.

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th' other Diomed embrace.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so, long health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy. Now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! by Venus' hand I swear;
No man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize.— Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, Lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before. I constantly do think,
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Enc. Good-morrow all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomede, tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen most?
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her sojourn,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece *;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore †.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris;
For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
As, for her, Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomede, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. [Exeunt.]

* A tamed piece is a piece that hath been broached,
and a part of it drawn out. *Revised.*

† I believe the poet wrote—'each heavier for a
whore.' That is, each of you dragged down to ruin by
your destructive connection with a whore. *Id.*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to Pandarus's House.**Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle
He shall unbolt the gates. [down;

Troi. Trouble him not.

To bed, to bed. Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow, then.

Troi. I prythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Bestrew the witch! with venomous wights
She slays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Prythee, tarry—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's
one up.

Pan. within.] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-
ing I shall have such a life—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-
heads? Hear you! maid! where's my cousin Cres-
sida?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking

uncle : you bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? Let her say, what. What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come. beshrew your heart; you'll never be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor Capocchia, —hast not slept to-night? Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' th' head!—Who's that at door?—Good uncle, go and see!—My Lord, come you again in to my chamber.—You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in.

[*Knock.*]

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

SCENE III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Whoo!—nay, then.—Come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y' are aware; you'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Go.

[*As Pandarus is going out,*]

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomede, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar

Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord? gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would thou hadst ne'er been born. I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon Antenor! —

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone, thou art chang'd for Antenor; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle. I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you Gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus. Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go and weep—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I'll not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Before Pandarus's House.

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.*

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon us: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house.
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help.

—Please you walk in, my Lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in Pandarus's House.**Enter Pandarus and Cressida.**Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.*Cre.* Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
 And in its sense is no less strong than that
 Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross,

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—ah sweet duck!——*Cre.* O Troilus, Troilus!*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:*Oh heart* (as the goodly saying is!)*O heart, O heavy heart,**Why sigh'st thou without breaking?*

where he answers again;

*Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,**By friendship nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
 verse. We see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?*Pan.* Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.*Cre.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?*Troi.* A hateful truth!*Cre.* What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly: where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude bravery and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be stars in heaven
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single samish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aeneas within] My Lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the Genius so

Cries come! to him that instantly must die.

—Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart——

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:——

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself *

That there's no maculation in thy heart;

But, be thou true, say I, to fashion in

* That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. *Johnson.*

My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite as eminent. But I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love.

The Grecian youths are full of subtle quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature.
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise.
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high la Volt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
But I can tell, that in each grace of these [nant:
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted!

Cre. Do you think I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aeneas within.] Nay, good my lord,——

Troi. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Paris within.] Brother Troilus,——

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault.

While others fish, with craft, for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit *
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomedes; here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you.
At the Port, Lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomedes
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my † petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, Lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Tho' the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh, be not mov'd, prince Troilus.
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,

* I rather think we should read,
——— *the motto of my wit.* Johnson.

† The seal of Troilus's petition is, that if fortune
ever subjected Diomedes to the mercy of his sword, then
the bare mention of Cressid's name should be an effec-
tual security for his life. *Revised.*

I'll answer to my list; and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour——no.

Troi. Come—to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomedes,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand——and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, Hector's trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Pan. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to the field
with him.

Diō. Let us make ready strait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity.
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day ly
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Grecian Camp.

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with a trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou trumpet, there's my purse;
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek*
Out-swell the cholick of puffed Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for Hector.

* Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. *Johnson.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' Diomedes with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the Lady Cressida.

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
Achilles bids you welcome. [lady;

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now.
For thus popp'd Paris, in his hardiment,

[*Stepping between Menelaus and Cressida.*
And parted, thus, you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss,—this mine—
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir. Lady, by your
leave,——

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live *,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.——

* I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. *Johnson.*

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give ev'n, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is ev'n with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for *Venus'* sake, give me a kiss.
When Helen is a maid again, and his——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Ulyss. Fy, fy upon her!

There's language in her eyes, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

Oh, these encounterers! so glib of tongue,
They give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader; set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and
Attendants.

All. The Trojan's trumpet!

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall
be done

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided?

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel * themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well:
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector, comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomede. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax; as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The combatants being kin,
Half stint their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue:
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

* That is, exceed the degrees in which they are usually found, the one in the extremity of great, the other in the extremity of little. *Revisal.*

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.]

S C E N E IX.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own.

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd. — There,
Ajax. [Trumpets cease.]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great Lord, my father's sister's son;

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed:

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan, so

That thou couldst say, this hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus. —

Cousin, all honour to thee! —

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector!

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame, with her loud'st
Oyes,

Cries *this is he*, could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector!

Ene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it.
The issue is embracement. *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As feld I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expectors of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin,
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by
name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion;

But in this extant moment faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to
you. *[To Troilus.]*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither. [ing.]

Hec. Whom must we answer?

Ene. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O—you, my Lord—by Mars his gauntlet,
Mock not that I affect th' untraded oath; [thanks.
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly
theme.

Hec. O pardon——I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen
As hot as Perseus spur thy Phrygian steed, [thee,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This I've seen:
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good;
But by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in con-
As they contend with thee in courtesy. [tention,

Hec. I would they could.

Nest. By this white beard I'd fight with thee to-
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder, now, how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomede
In Hion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue;
My prophesy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and, modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord Ulysses;—thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pry'thee. Let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you Heav'ns, in which part of his
Shall I destroy him; whether there, or there, [body
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, Heav'ns!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
To answer such a question. Stand again. [man,
Think'lt thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you let us see you in the fields:
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece go to my
tent,

There in the full convive we; afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him.
Beat loud the tabourins; let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus;
There Diomedes doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so—
After you part from Agamemnon's tent, [much,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir.
As gently tell me of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy; had she no lover there,
That waits her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;
But, still, sweet love is food for Fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achilles.

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therfites.

Enter Therfites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st,
and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for
thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy, I profit not by thy
talk. Thou art thought to be Achilles' male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue, what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i' th' palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of fley'd silk †, thou green farcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou. Ah, how the poor world is pepper'd with such water flies, diminutives of nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;

Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.

Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent,

This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive

† All the terms used by Therfites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. *Johnson.*

statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit*, turn him? To an afs were nothing, he is both afs and ox. To an ox were nothing, he is both ox and afs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a roach, a lizzard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be a Menelaus—I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day, spirits and fires!

S C E N E II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, princes all.

Agam. So, now fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet drought: Sweet, quoth-a. Sweet sink. Sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, That go or tarry. [to those]

Agam. Good night.

* i. e. Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. *Johnson.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomedes, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent. I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That same Diomedes's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomedes keeps his word, I will rather live to see Hector than not dog him; they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after—Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to Calchas's Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here? ho! speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomedes.—Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, [undiscovered by Diomedes], after them Therites, [unseen by Troilus and Ulysses].

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian? Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift.——

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! Come. Tell a pin. You are a forsworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience.

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cre. Diomedes.——

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague, and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, Prince. Let us depart, I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge itself.

To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;

The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulyss. Good my Lord, go off.

You flow to great destruction †. Come, my Lord.

† You flew to great distraction. *Hammer.*——You show too great distraction. *Johnson.*

Troi. I pr'ythee stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience. Come.

Troi. I pray you stay. By hell and by hell's tor-
I will not speak a word. [ments,

Dio. And so good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By Jove I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian. Why, Greek.

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! You palter.

Cre. In faith I do not. Come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my Lord, at something. Will
You will break out. [you go?

Troi. She strokes his cheek.

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay. By Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump
and potatoe finger tickles these together! Fry, lech-
cry, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith I will, lo; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord.

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cre. Here, Diomede, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My Lord, —

Troi. I will be patient. Outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve. Behold it well. —
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
*L*pr'ythee, Diomede, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all ye gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy master now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:
As I kiss thee.— [*Diomede snatches the sleeve.*
Nay, do not snatch it from me:

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomede; 'faith, you
I'll give you something else. [*shall not;*

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you
But, now you have it, take it. [*will.*

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder*,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
It should be challeng'd. [*horn,*

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is
I will not keep my word. [*not.*

Dio. Why then, farewell.

Thou never shalt mock Diomede again.

Cre. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto. But that that likes not
you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? The hour?

* i. e. the stars, which she points to. *Johnson*

Cre. Ay, come :—O Jove!—Do. Come.—
I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee come.

Troilus, farewell ; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What Error leads, must err ; O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ther. A proof of strength † she could not publish
more,

Unless she say my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears ;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my Lord. Cressid was here but
now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for womanhood !
Think we had mothers ; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

†. i. e. a stronger proof. *Johnson.*

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can foil
our mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this was she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomedes's Cressida.

If Beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods delight,

If there be rule in unity * itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause set'st up with and against thyself!

Be-fold authority †! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt ‡. This is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As slight Arachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance, strong as Pluto's gates!

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n;

Instance, O instance, strong as heav'n itself!

The bonds of Heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd-§

And with another knot five-finger'd-tied ||,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

* in purity — Or, in verity. *Johnson.*

† The old folio reads: 'By foul authority.' That is, O madness of reasoning, which would at the same time persuade thee that thy mistress is true, and yet that she is false too, and in both those respects relying on a testimony, which is all stained with pollution, to wit, her own. *Revisal.*

‡ If I may venture to guess at the meaning of so dark a riddle, I should imagine it to be this; Where reason founded on past assurances can determine in contradiction to the clearest evidence, that I have not lost Cressida's affection; and where the loss of that affection is so manifest, that all my reason ranges itself on this side, in concurrence with the fullest evidence. *Ibid.*

§ Knot five-finger-tied, a knot tied by giving her hand to Diomedes. *Johnson.*

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith *, are bound to Diomede.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus. Ne'er did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek, as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomede.
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,
Which ship-men do the *hurricano* call,
Constring'd in masts by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomede.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince. My courteous Lord,
adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair And, Diomede,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomede.
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the

* Vows which she has already swallowed once over.

intelligence of this whore; the parrot will do no more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungently tem-
To stop his ears against admonishment? *[per'd,*
Unarm'd, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you. Get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of fally, for the Heav'ns, sweet
brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war;

Unarm thee; go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good Troilus, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fy, savage, fy!

Troi. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

No fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars;
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

• Valuable man. *Johnson.*

Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast,
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself [visions;
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous.
Therefore come back.

Hec. Aeneas is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hec. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me. Royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*
Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look how thou dy'st; look how thy eyes turn
pale!

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector, Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell. Yes. Soft. Hector, I take my leave;

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell. The gods with safety stand about thee. [*Alarm.*

Troi. They're at it; hark. Proud Diomede, believe—

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson pilsick, a whoreson rascally pilsick so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart.

Th' effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*

Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still the feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you—

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Changes to the Field between Troy and the Camp.

[*Alarm.*] *Enter Therites.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomede, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish, young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that, that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' th' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals *, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese Nestor, and that same dog-fox Ulysses, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.—They set me up in policy that mongril cur Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft—here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river I would swim after.

[*Styx,*

Di. Thou dost miscall retire.

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

Have at thee!

[*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy
whore, Trojan. Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

S C E N E X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek! art thou for Hector's
Art thou of blood and honour?

[*match?*

* *Sneering rascals. Theobald.*

Ther. No, no. I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee. Live. [Exit.

Ther. God a' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse, Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my Lord.

S C E N E XL.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew. The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands Colossus ways, waving his beam Upon the pass'd corse of the Kings, Epistropus and Odus. Polyxenus is slain; Amphinachus and Thoas deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful sagittary * Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomede, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

* " Beyond the royalm of Amasonne came an auncient kynge, wyfe and dyscreete, named *Epytrophus*, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervaylouse beste that was called *Sagittarye*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery lyke an horse, and had his eyne rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes fore aserde, and slewe many of them with his bowe."

The Three destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton.

Threobald.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for thine.
There are a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now, here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity fo obeying appetite,
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drouzy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come to
Crying on Hector. Ajax has lost a friend, [him,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bad him win all.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew me thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! Where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

Aja. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say, what! Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor Diomede! turn thy false face, thou traitor.

And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomede.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks, have at you both. *[Exeunt fighting.]*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee! have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[Fight:]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shall hear of me again
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas. Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him. I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say;
I reck not, though thou end my life to day. *[Exit.]*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark:

Now, wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed, Hector the Great must die. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now bull, now dog. 'Loo, Paris, 'loo. My double-hen'd sparrow. 'Loo, Paris, 'loo. The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho. [*Ex. Paris and Men.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without! —

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[He puts up his sword.]

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Ev'n with the yail and darkning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I
seek *. *[They fall upon Hector, and kill him.]*

So, Ilium, fall thou next. Now, Troy, sink down:
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.

On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain:

Hark, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my Lord:

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
And, stickler-like, the armies separates. *[earth;*
My half sup'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to-bed.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail:

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt,*

Sound retreat. Shout.]

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,
Diomedes, and the rest marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragles let it be:

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March hastily along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt.]

* This particular, of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book of the Three destructions of Troy. *Hammer.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field;
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! — the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you Heav'ns, effect your rage with speed;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?
Let him that will a scritch owl ay be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there, Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away,
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. — You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll thro' and thro' you. And thou, great-siz'd cow-
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates; [ard!
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
— Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey; ignominy, shame
[Strikes him,

Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! Oh world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd. Oh, traiters and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it?—let me see—
Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
As many as be here of Pandar's hall, [*cloths—*
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester * would hiss:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit †.*

* The *lues veneræ* was called a *Winchester goose*. Gray.

† This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views, or elevation of his fancy, is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt; for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature, but they are copiously filled, and powerfully impressed. *Johnson.*

END OF VOLUME NINTH.

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